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W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE WELCOME TO MILES.

General Miles may have a cool welcome at Washington, but he will have a warm one from the people. Americans like a man who does well what he has to do. It happened that the conquest of Porto Rico offered no serious military difficulties. That was General Miles's fortune or misfortune, as the case may be. But the strategic dispositions of the American commander were such as would have insured success, whatever the obstacles in the way. Perhaps if the invading army had been less skillfully handled, there might have been a more determined resistance.

But there were other than strictly military considerations to be taken into account. Porto Rico has nearly a million inhabitants, all fed for generations upon weird romances about Yankee savagery. A general without tact or courtesy—one accustomed to despise all "natives" and to roar profane insults at everybody that crossed his path whenever the gout twinged his foot or his too solid flesh began to melt in the tropic heats—might have turned all these people into vindictive enemies, and made the conquest of the island a weary and heart-breaking work. General Miles made them enthusiastic friends, eager to proclaim themselves Americans and smooth the way for our advance.

And it is not the Porto Rico campaign alone for which he deserves credit. He prevented a retreat from Santiago and the abandonment, by a panic-stricken general in a hammock at the rear, of positions won by the bravery of our soldiers at a needless cost of gallant lives.

Moreover, he is bringing his army back in fit condition to wage another campaign. His troops are strong enough to parade, if they had permission. They are soldiers, not ghastly skeletons.

General Miles never sacrificed his men to his own vanity. He gave them every advantage in his power. He did not allow jealousy of the navy to deprive his troops of support that would save their strength and their lives. He tried to accomplish the greatest results at the smallest possible cost.

The American people feel that with commanders like Miles they could undertake any enterprise. Under such commanders the army would do its work with the same beautiful precision and the same economy of life that we admire in the navy. Therefore:

Three Cheers for Miles!

SCHOOLS WILL NOT BE CLOSED.

Corporation Counsel Whalen has been misquoted as to his interpretation of the sections of the charter covering the distribution of the fund for the payment of teachers. A disproportionate share, he says, will not go to Brooklyn or any other borough.

Superintendent Jasper also gives assurance that no teachers will be compelled to retire because of the city's want of legal power to pay their salaries.

This is good news, but nevertheless there will be thousands of

children for whom no room can be found when the schools reopen.

This crime against the children of the metropolis—against the children of the poor mainly—has recurred from year to year, and will recur until special energy is directed toward furnishing more school-houses.

The Democratic Administration is pledged to remove this disgrace from New York.

The Fall elections open cheerfully for the Democracy. Vermont announces that the Democratic wreck in the North and East has been repaired, and that the party even in the citadels of the enemy has regained its normal strength. Arkansas shows that in the South opposition has practically ceased to exist, and that Democracy is simply another name for the organized people.

Probably the Democrats have Alger to thank for their rapid recovery in Vermont. It has been due to him that the people have been able to take a logical view of the war situation. The traditional belief is that war, especially if successful, helps the party in power. That is not logical, for the party in power may deserve no credit either for the war or its victories, but it is natural. It is the merit of Alger that he has taken the people by the neck and simply

forced them to consider the great deeds of the war apart from the Republican party. He has shown that wherever his party has interfered in the contest it has brought disgrace upon our name and suffering to our troops. He has made it palpably ridiculous to claim partisan credit for the victories at Manila and Santiago, while he has fixed indelibly upon his party, the guilt of Chickamauga and Montauk.

Vermont and Arkansas are only the first guns. We shall hear a whole broadside in November.

Welcome to the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, Colonial Secretary of Her Majesty's Government, here on a visit from England.

There are special reasons why Americans should entertain sentiments of cordiality toward this British statesman. He is allied to the Republic by marriage, his wife being the daughter of former Secretary of War Endicott, and his enthusiastic advocacy of an alliance between England and America has caused him to stand out in the popular view as a conspicuous friend of the United States.

Mr. Chamberlain's good will toward this country entitles him to a warm reception, whether closer relations between the British nation and ourselves be desirable or not. But we confess that for his home

A FRIEND OF AMERICA.

THE FIRST NIGHT OF A NEW COMEDY.

A BRACE OF PARTRIDGES

By Mrs. Julian Hawthorne.

By Cholly Knickerbocker.

By Alan Dale.

THE BEST OF HIS KNOWLEDGE.

Teacher's word "Apropos" occurs in this lesson. Can any one give a definition of that word? Thomas, I see your hand is up. You may answer.

Young Tucker—Apropos is a kind of fruit that grows in California.—Chicago Record.

"I WANT DAT PRESIDENT BACK!"



Mark (in tears)—"Give it back to me, Algy; you've played with it long enough!"

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politics we have very little liking. He began as a Radical, made his way in public life by Gladstone's aid, accumulated a great fortune as a Birmingham screw manufacturer, and then, when he became acceptable to the aristocracy, threw Gladstone overboard, abandoning his early friend and Home Rule together. Mr. Chamberlain, we fear, lacks the qualities of a real democrat.

But welcome to him notwithstanding his political defects. He gave official voice to England's friendship for America when England's friendship was of value to us.

ROOSEVELT AND THE GOVERNORSHIP

The movement to compel the Republican machine to nominate Theodore Roosevelt for Governor has two forces behind it.

The first force consists of the kind of politicians who proceed on the assumption that the average citizen is a fool—an emotional simpleton, to be argued with by a life and drum and convinced by a brass band. These politicians are of the opinion that the Republican party of New York can take Colonel Roosevelt, costume him as a Rough Rider, mount him on a fiery charger, jump up behind him and triumphantly race away from its record to the Capitol at Albany. They know that the party's record cannot get the endorsement of anything like a majority at the polls. Hence their very natural desire for a campaign minus discussion of the record—a campaign based on logic like this:

"What of the Raines law?"
"Three cheers for Roosevelt, the fearless Rough Rider!"
"What of the press gag conspiracy?"
"Hurrah for Teddy the Terror!"
"What of the canal steal?"
"Three cheers and a tiger for Roosevelt, the hero of San Juan!"

The second force behind the Roosevelt boom is Roosevelt himself. The Colonel is a happily constituted man. Nature has endowed him with an appreciation of his own merits so fervent that it is only with extreme difficulty he can refrain from joining in the shout whenever three cheers are given for Roosevelt. No one can so magnify his performances in war or peace as to offend his sense of modesty. Not only does it seem to him reasonable that an element of his party should want to nominate him for the Governorship, but he is unable to comprehend why there should be any opposition to the proposal in or out of his party. The mountain tavern sign in Scotland showing a solitary Highlander with drawn sword and labelled "The Battle of Waterloo," could be re-labelled "Our War with Spain" and Roosevelt substituted for the Highlander without jarring upon the Colonel's conception of the relative importance of things. Egotism of this Brobdignagian and all-engrossing sort is funny, of course, but there is no denying its driving power. Without it Colonel Roosevelt would have gone through life making no more noise than countless other men fully his equals in brains.

Theodore Roosevelt is a brave man and he rendered good service in the war. Nobody, so far as heard from, would deprive him, or any other courageous soldier who like Roosevelt did his American duty worthily, of a shred of the credit belonging to him. But the citizens of New York, notwithstanding Roosevelt and his political backers to the contrary, are entirely competent to discriminate between soldiering and statesmanship, cavalry charges and canal steals. They will, regardless of politics, give three cheers for Roosevelt, Colonel of the Rough Riders, with a hearty good will, and then, should he be nominated, go to the polls like men of sense and vote against Roosevelt the candidate for Governor.

They know—everybody knows—that Theodore Roosevelt is not fit for the office to which he aspires. They remember his official career as a Police Commissioner in this city—how headstrong, impracticable, quarrelsome and inefficient he was; how sore an affliction to the metropolis that he would have governed like a village of which he was the hereditary Squire. They know that he is full of crotchets and prejudices, and fond of riding rough-shod over the rights and susceptibilities of his fellow-citizens who think they know better than he does what is good for them. The very narrowness and hardness of mind and the impetuosity of temper which make him a good soldier make him a bad official in a Republic.

Moreover, no matter who may be the Republican nominee for Governor—whether Roosevelt the Rough Rider or Black the smooth talker—he will be the representative of his party's policies; justly the beneficiary of its good deeds and justly the sufferer from its bad deeds.

The Republican party of New York must carry the burden of its record.

PRESIDENT McKinley recognizes that there are places and times when even he must admit that protective duties are not likely to increase prosperity. His order that food supplies intended for the relief of the starving inhabitants of Cuba may be admitted free of duty to all ports of the island, which are in possession of the United States, while it is a confession that the foreigner does not pay the tax, is equally sensible and humane. If he had extended the order to all of Cuba's ports and commanded Blanco to obey he would have done still better.

TWO VIEWS OF MONTAUK.

By Mrs. Julian Hawthorne.

I WAS at Montauk on the same day with the President, and have been somewhat struck by the different effects produced by the same thing seen from different points of view. I had the pleasure of listening to the President's speech thanking the brave men who stood about on all sides for what they had done for their country. I heard the cheers with which his words were received and saw his carriage proceeding from point to point, stopping here and there for a moment or two to give the men a chance to cheer their regiment by regiment. Then I went on to my work in the Twentieth Regiment Infantry.

The ladies of Southampton have a tent close to the lines of this regiment, where stores are sent to be distributed to the sick boys who form the greater part of most regiments. Two ladies take one regiment and go from tent to tent, giving the men what they most need. I liked a large basket with raw eggs, milk, ice and whiskey, also, taking a bag of oranges, and passed the day attending to the First Battalion, Twentieth Infantry.

Found Plenty to Do.

Many of the sickest men had been removed to the hospital, but I found plenty to do. In Company I there was scarcely a tent that did not have at least two sick men in it. Straw had been given the men recently, so that they were not actually on the ground. But their fever-racked frames needed something better than straw. The air should circulate between them and the ground. The men are depressed even when they are not sick, for they long to get home.

"This is a rich Government," said one poor fellow who lay shivering with fever on his back of straw. "It wouldn't cost so much to send us home, and yet it means everything on earth to us. We have offered all a man has to offer for his country, and we ought to be allowed to return to our post. We'd get well there and feel like fighting again if we had to."

"Did you see the President?" I asked.

"Yes. We were all marched out to the end of the company streets to see him pass."

"Did you cheer?"

"No. I was having too hard a time trying to keep on my feet to be able to cheer. Might as well have been a dog barking at a man who was too tired to notice him."

"We couldn't cheer. We didn't have the

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S AND A BRIGHT WOMAN'S.

By Mrs. Julian Hawthorne.

And they only ask to be allowed to go home. If I could have taken the President and led him from tent to tent with me, not only in the Twentieth, but through the Sixteenth, the Seventh and the Eighth Regular Infantry also, for these three are in a much worse state than the regiment to which I was assigned that day. I do not believe that he would have been either pleased or satisfied, or that he would have experienced any other of the agreeable sensations which he says the condition of the camp gave him.

It is certainly true that matters have improved tremendously since those early days of horror. The well men aren't left to starve now. But hundreds and hundreds of the sick are left to shift for themselves when they should be receiving the tenderest care. There is a pall of sickness and suffering hanging over Camp Wikoff, and as long as that is the case, no one has any right to be either pleased or satisfied with the conditions there. But it is one thing to drive around in a carriage, surrounded by a guard of honor, and another to walk through the company streets and listen to what the sick men in the tents have to say as you sit beside them. Their words are terribly convincing, for they have their wasted bodies and hollow eyes and awful weakness to witness for them.

KNOW WHAT THEY WANTED.

"Elect me your Sheriff!" shouted the candidate for that office. "I promise you that you shall have a faithful and painstaking official."

"Elect me," came back his opponent, "and I'll promise you that you shall have a faithful and painstaking administration," and he was elected by the largest majority in the history of the county.—Detroit Free Press.

IN THE MUSEUM.

"How many dollars a week does the fat lady get?" inquired the tattooed man.

"Hm!" sniffed the snake charmer. "She's English, you know, and gets paid by the pound."

"Is that so?" out in the living skeleton.

"Thank goodness I'm not English. I'd stand a slim chance."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

SOME MEN ARE BRUTES.

"Ah," sighed Mrs. Plimsol, "we'll never see anything in this life." "Yes," we her husband replied. "Whenever you're quiet for half a minute I am sure that you'll say something mean or brutish."

"I've never missed it yet."—Washington Post.

SOCIAL CHAT.

By Cholly Knickerbocker.

The engagement is announced of Miss Josephine Brooks and Mr. John Livermore, but as this has been rumored for some time past no one is very much surprised. Mrs. Brooks and the Baroness Sellere announced the engagement Tuesday morning, and the afternoon musicale at Mrs. Kernochan's did the rest, and now it is a well-discussed topic. The marked attention of the young lady's brother to a very handsome Philadelphia who has been spending her summer here makes me think that Cupid will send another dart into this family before long. The bride-to-be is the niece of Eugene Higgins, who, by the way, has not been seen in these waters with his beautiful Varina this season. They say the charms of foreign climes prove more attractive now.

Many House Parties.

While "to Montauk" now made into a common, everyday verb—the pleasure of society at Newport, Southampton and the adjacent watering places, the last trio of holidays brought any number of house parties all along the coast. Every one who can must have a Rough Rider or a Naval Reserve man, and there has not been enough to go around. I believe that Mrs. Wilbur Bloodgood and Mrs. John G. Neeser have secured them for their house parties this week, and from last accounts Woodbury Kane and Craig Wadsworth were at Newport, the heroes of the hour. There is also a very notable company at Colonel John Jacob Astor's on Rhinebeck, and there are rumors of a splendid dinner to be given by Colonel Astor to General Shafter and his staff at the Metropolitan Club. And this last on dit is, of course, in embryo, but might have taken place earlier save for the weather, which has been more trying in town than at Montauk.

About the Duncan Elliotts.

From all I hear Mrs. Duncan Elliott is passing the summer very quietly at Manchester-by-the-Sea, and Duncan Elliott has not materialized since it was reported he had collected in the Cuban war.

Since that rumor he has been seen, or if not he, his double, in both Philadelphia and New York, but he strictly avoided the Knickerbocker Club or any of his old haunts while in this city.

The opinion in society is that Mrs. De Forest and Mrs. Appleton have both made their sister promise never to take back the errand Duncan.

As Mrs. Elliott has lost the greater part of her fortune, and she and her children are more or less dependent on the Hargons family, it is not likely that there will be any reconciliation just yet, even if Duncan does turn up.

THE FIRST NIGHT OF A NEW COMEDY.

By Cholly Knickerbocker.

If you want to see the most thoroughly English company it is possible to imagine—out of England—go and indulge in "A Brace of Partridges," at the Madison Square Theatre. It will bring to your mental eye visions of Both buns, and kippered herrings, tuppenny houses, and stone ginger beer, watercress teas, and Melton Mowbray pies—all the luxuries of London and the provinces at one account. If you are he, you will reach down involuntarily and turn up your trousers. If you are a she, you will try and emulate two pretty Christmas card girls in the cast.

"A Brace of Partridges" was presented by Albert Glimmer and Charles Frohman, in a sort of Anglo-American ecstasy. The band played "The Star Spangled Banner" and "God Save the Queen," and International brotherhood was further expressed on the programmes by the juxtaposition of the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack. In fact, you had a lovely feeling that you were celebrating something. You didn't exactly know what it was, or why you were celebrating it, but still you felt comfortable and prepared to be happy.

Celebrities Scarcely.

The new play is the work of Robert Ganthony, who was fortunate enough to secure the services of a dozen clever, wholesome, comely and pleasing young people. In fact, this Strand company is so far superior to the piece that it presented that I am going to reverse the order of things and speak of the actors first. Who were they? You asked yourself that as you scanned the programme and ejaculated "nobodies!" Not a name did you recognize. H. Reeves-Smith seemed familiar, but who was he? Jessie Bateman? Yes, Bateman was a good old name, but—And so on. Twelve people, with not a reputation to divide among them.

But before the second act was over you realized that a name doesn't mean everything. There isn't a feeble actor or actress in the cast of "A Brace of Partridges," and at least two interpreters of "character" bits should never be allowed to return to London. I refer to George Shelton and Cecil Thornbury. The former gave us a city waiter at the "Red Lion, Shrove," and was capital in his easy humor and eccentric emphasis. Waiters have been some what overdone in this city—they have been looked upon as easy roles to galvanize—but the toothy, giggling, obsequious creature who raged through "A Brace of Partridges" was something quite new. The ballet of Mr. Thornbury (never heard of Thornbury before) was equally worthy, from the make-up with the varicose veins

A BRACE OF PARTRIDGES

By Alan Dale.

in the nose to the impudent assumption of the character.

A Clever Young Fellow.

H. Reeves-Smith, who played the "brace"—in other words, Arthur and Alfred Partridge—is a clever young fellow, with lots of assurance, and that clerical Oxford and Cambridge atmosphere peculiar to England. And the ladies, three of them, looked like valentines—pretty enough to appear in sweet smiles, and wings, with nothing but clouds as a background. Miss Jessie Bateman is a fluffy, feathery, blow-away sort of a girl, with yellow hair and "limpid" eyes, and a lack of figure (figure being considered very vulgar and loud in England). She is not what you might call a "strong" actress, but she has a haw-haw voice that the jeunesses doree of this city will like, and the adjective "sweet" must have been coined for her. Sybil Carlisle is another pretty girl, who doesn't feel it necessary to exert her dramatic powers too keenly. She is of the willowy, brittle sort, with an undulating walk, and a keep-your-distance, good-sir manner. The other lady, Miss Mabel Lane, can do more acting than the others, because she doesn't look as nice. But, take it all in all, the feminine element of the Strand company lageth not behind. It is distinctly up to date, and agreeable.

I said that the play was inferior to the company. It is, but that doesn't mean that it is not an amusing little affair, with some rather hilarious situations, and a few bright lines. It is founded upon the not particularly brand-new idea of two gentlemen looking exactly alike. I believe that a certain playwright whom managers like very much, because they don't have to pay him royalties—I refer to the late William Shakespeare—used a similar idea in one of his many comedies, but I was mistaken. Mr. Ganthony ever read Shakespeare. No well regulated playwrights ever read the works of those who supply them with ideas.

The Plot.

The Brace of Partridges are two cousins, and their likeness is so perfect that even the father of one of them is deceived. Arthur is a whole-souled young person, in love with a pretty barnyard, and Alfred is a sort of ne'er do well, who steps easily and readily into his shoes. This is the scene around which the farcical complications revolve. A beautiful heiress (I don't know why I said "beautiful," because no heiress was ever known to be ugly) engaged to marry one young man, is confronted with the other. The pretty barnyard who has plighted her troth to Arthur bestows an impassioned kiss upon the fore-

head of Alfred. Alfred signs Arthur's marriage "settlement," and Arthur suffers from Alfred's peccadilloes.

And so it goes on. You laugh at it all because it is freshly served up, and flecked with funny characters that you haven't met before. Mr. Ganthony is evidently young, because he is very fond of colloquy. His people utter long speeches to the audience, and take the spectators into their confidence in a reckless manner. But somehow or other you don't mind it very much, because the people themselves are nice, and you feel pleased to listen to them.

The "atmosphere" of "A Brace of Partridges" is completely English—from the pretty barnyard to the landlord of the Red Lion. But they won't have to be translated for the benefit of American audiences. They will tell their own story, and they will make their own appeal. Some of them are familiar to story readers, and suggest the balm of Mary Cecil Hay and Rhoda Broughton; others are purely "city" types that Americans who have been abroad will easily recognize.

Thoroughly English.

At any rate, there has been no romancing about this Strand company. No far-fetched ideas have been fitted across to us by male actors, these men and women. They have never done anything that we know of; they have been involved in no international episodes. They have not been Irvingized, or Tred, or Terry'd, or Mrs. Patrick Campbellized. They were nobodies when the curtain went up last night, but the audience felt more interest in their pedigrees when it fell.

I have emphasized this fact because it is such a risky thing to bring nobodies over here, when we are always waiting with mouths open for somebody. It is so unusual to foot out such comedies. Girls who are not the daughters of some impecunious person with an estate and titles—acting just to redeem family fortunes. And the men don't seem to be related to anybody on earth. Really, wonders will never cease.

One fact is also to be dwelt upon. The "Brace of Partridges" is not in the least funny. The birds are at no time "high." They have the pleasant, innocuous aroma of the country, which is a good thing to remember in these days of "Turtles." In fact, the most farcical digestion will not reject them.

TO THE BEST OF HIS KNOWLEDGE.

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